SALT-WATER SONNETS

BY

DAN MACK

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Illustrated by
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DEDICATION

◆ ◆ ◆

When it comes to dedicatin'
Books of song and verse relatin'
To the Navy and Marine Corps,
All in slang—
I can think of no one other
Than my home folks and my mother
Who are dearer to my heartstrings
Than "The Gang."

DAN MACK

Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFACE

◆ ◆ ◆

To the men of the Navy and Marine Corps, the Author of this book needs no introduction. His poems and rhymes, which from time to time have appeared in most of the numerous service publications, have proven so popular that in many instances the pieces have been committed to memory by men in the service.

Civilian publications, too, have freely reprinted his poems, proving an interest, not only in the Author's work, but in the life of the service as well.

Although songs, poems of sentiment, and philosophy are included in the wide range of the Author, most of his work has been of the humorous story or yarn type.

In selecting the poems for this book only one or two of each of the first mentioned types of poems have been included, preference being given to the latter, and of this only the more recent work of the Author, since the publication of all of Dan Mack's work would require a volume many times the size of this book.

It is hoped that the poems contained in this book will serve to increase interest in the Navy and Marine Corps and to better acquaint civilian friends with the splendid loyal fighting personnel of those services.

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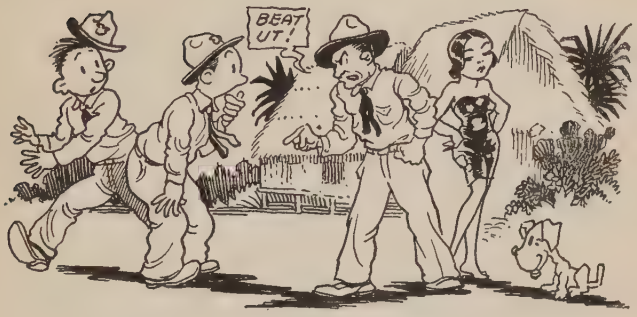
SERGEANT O'GRADY

◆ ◆ ◆



Michael Pat O'Grady
Was a sergeant of marines
In a little dinky outpost
In the far off Philippines,
Where girls were sadly missing
And the only one they saw—
Was the little native maiden
Whom O'Grady called his squaw.
Tho all the other leathernecks
Who hung around the camp,
Had spent much time in hunting
For another local vamp,
But found their efforts futile—
Tho they searched the place around,
In all the hills and bundocks
Not another could be found.

They all grew very jealous
Of O'Grady and his squaw;
They said that Mike was stingy
And had acted kinda raw,
When he told them all to beat it
And he chased them thru the gate—
When they called upon the lady
And they tried to make a date.

But there were certain evenings
When Michael Pat got stuck,
With duty in the barracks
And all that sort of truck,
And while he was on duty
As the sergeant of the guard—
A lot of lonely privates
Would go prowling in the yard
Of Michael's friend—the lady,
Who would often sit and spoon
And teach them native lingoes
'Neath a Filipino moon.

But one night Michael Patrick,
For some reasons of his own,
Swapped duty with a sergeant
Who was willing, for a "loan."
And rather unexpected
He called at his lady's door
And discovered Ikey Cohen,
Who was sitting on the floor—
Engaged in taking lessons
From the lady in the hut,
In the gentle art of chewing
On the spicy beetle-nut.
"Ye gods and little minnows,"
Cried the angry Michael Pat
As he started for the Hebrew
And he drew his trusty gat.
He made a grab for Ikey
Who had started for the camp,
But standing in between them
Was a table, chair and lamp,
Which Michael Pat knocked over
As he tried to stop the pace
Of the startled yiddish fellow—
And then darkness filled the place.
Michael Pat continued searching
Till he found within the gloom,
The scared and shaking Ikey
In the corner of the room.

"Now listen here young fellow,"
Michael Pat began to say—
"You've come around this shanty
When I told you stay away.
I ought to kill you outright,
But I'll be a regular sap,
I'll give you one more fighting chance
Before you take your nap.
There's an automatic shooter
Over there beside the bed;
We'll shoot it out between us
Until one of us is dead."
Then as Ikey started hunting
For the gun to shoot at Mike,
Michael merely chuckled,
As he thought "I've scared the kike.
Instead of doing murder,
I know what I will do—
I'll go over by the chimney
And I'll shoot up through the flue.
I'll scare him good and plenty,
And then after tonight,
He'll stay clear of this castle
And we'll call off this here fight."

The night was dark and dreary
All the good folks were in dreams,
Until they were awakened
By a pistol shot and screams.
And in the camp next morning
All hands were buying flowers,
To lay upon the coffin
Of their buddy—dead nine hours,
While Mike O'Grady sat and cried,
And maybe said prayers too,
For poor old Ikey Cohen
Who'd been hiding up the flue.

ESPERANTO

◆ ◆ ◆

When Johnny Jones, the sailor,
Went away to far Nippon,
He met a Jappy maiden,
With a bright kimona on;
And with the dark-eyed lady
Just for a lark,
Went out a strolling
In a Yokohama park.

They stopped to sit awhile
'Neath a Japaneesy moon,
Then, like every boy and maiden
They began to neck and spoon.
The girl could speak no English,
The boy could speak no Jap,
But it didn't make no difference
To the girl and sailor chap.

With her cheek upon his shoulder,
And her nose into his ear,
They had no use for lingoes
In that pleasant atmosphere.
No need for conversation
To enkindle love's bright flame—
They couldn't speak the language
But they got there just the same.

SAYONARA
(Japanese for Farewell)

◆ ◆ ◆

Be hore by Yokohama
Rong time he stop—these man,
Because he no stop gunboat
Top side he come Japan.
Aw time he caw me swit hot
I rike he too—much fine,
He tich me how spik engrish,
He very niz an kine.
He tich me yankee custom,
He kiss me—he mak rove,
In number one kine fashion
When moon shine down above.
My heart he pranty happy
When he near these yankee guy—
Sap pose he go die sometime?
I'm sorry, then I cry.
Bime by he ship he no stop,
He spik he mus go too,
I say "I go with—mabbe?"
He spik "No! No can do."
"Sap pose you stop, I cum back
Be hore rong time, I see—
More better Yokohama stop,
You wait short time for me."

"Goo bye"—spik—"Sayonara"
Then ship hi-hi go way;
Three years now go—I'm sorry—
I think mabbe he stay.
He quick forget send post card,
I think I mak stop cry,
I think he just mak fibber
To Japan butter-fry.

WILLIE GREEN

◆ ◆ ◆

Willie Green, our bugler,
Was a funny little guy,
He was always into mischief,
Not a single day went by
That our Willie wasn't present
When the Captain sauntered past,
To hear the lame excuses
Of the sailors at the mast.

They caught him shirking duty
When he should be peeling spuds;
Then they found him in a crap game
With a lot of other duds;
They caught him taking doughnuts
When the baker wasn't nigh,
But he nearly met his finish
Up the river near Shanghai.

It seems as though the skipper,
To correct Bill's evil ways,
Told Bill that he would have to
Stay on board for many days,
And when Willie heard the tidings
He cast a tearful glance,
For he'd planned to take a maiden,
To a Chinese feed and dance.

He grew sadder every minute,
The more he thought it o'er;
He had lots of time and money,
But he couldn't get ashore.
And while he paced the pitch lines
That marked the quarter deck,
He heard an awful crash up for'd,
It sounded like a wreck.

A sampan that had drifted
Down the river on the tide,
Had crashed into our anchor chain
And opened up its side.
Of yelling, there was plenty
As the junk began to sink,
Its crew was scattered everywhere
Among the yellow drink.

The skipper came a running,
He cried, "Man overboard."
Then everyone took up the cry
As all ship's boats were lowered.
The skipper yelled "Quick, save those men
Before they start to sink,
I'll give some leave to every man
Who brings on board a Chink."

When Willie heard the Captain shout,
Right there he saw his chance
To get his leave to go ashore
Where he could eat and dance.
He jumped into the dinghy
And as quick as you could say
"Jack Robinson" he cut it loose,
And started on his way.

But he was late in saving
The men from being drowned;
The Chinks had all been rescued,
Not another could be found.
Then Willie grew discouraged,
His plan had gone to seed,
Unless he got a Chinaman
He'd miss the dance and feed.

He turned the dinghy toward the ship
To put it in the skids,
But soon he spied another junk
Where many men and kids
Were sitting on the railing,
And viewing with much glee
The efforts of our sailormen,
At saving life at sea.

An idea came to Willie,
And he said, "It's not so punk,"
He turned around the dinghy
And headed for the junk.
In just a moment later,
As quick as one could think,
He drew abreast the sampan
And grabbed the nearest Chink.

Before the startled fellow
Could make the faintest sound,
Our Willie had him in the boat
And started homeward bound.
The Chinaman got fussy, and
Laid down celestial law,
But Willie told him to be quiet,
Then poked him on the jaw.

Then as he journeyed shipward
Wise Willie chanced to think,
"How could he make a rescue
Of a perfectly dry Chink?"
Now Willie was kind-hearted,
He hated to be rough,
But that Chino simply must be wet
If Willie knew his stuff.

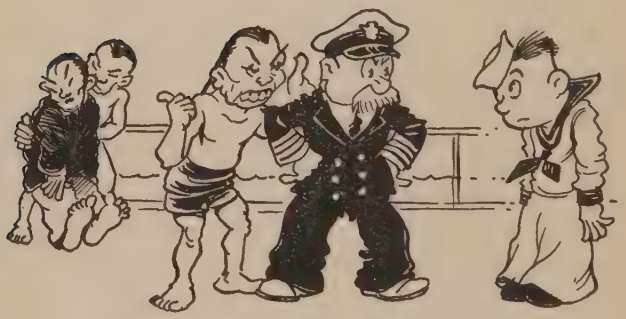
He grabbed the poor old heathen
Around the neck and que,
Then eased him gently o'er the side
To drag a yard or two.
Then having satisfied himself
That there could be no slip,
He pulled the half-drowned man aboard,
And took him to the ship.

As he came up the gangway
With his Chinaman in tow,
He met the skipper at the top,
Whose face was all aglow.
"Well done, my boy," the skipper cried,
"You've won my thanks galore,
To show that I am proud of you,
I'll let you go ashore."

Our Willie just saluted—
He acted rather shy,
He'd heard that heroes were that way,
(The foxy little guy).
But if he filled that date ashore
He had no time to lose,
He merely told the skipper, "Thanks"
Then went to change his shoes.

He spent some time in hunting
For his jumper and his hat,
His liberty card and money,
For he surely would need that.
And while he was a dressing,
The skipper, up on deck,
Through the aid of an interpreter,
Got details of the wreck.

The dance was held ashore that night,
I've heard some folks confess
There was lots of food and music,
And a drink or two, I guess.
But Willie didn't get there,
He stayed on board—in bed.
He was doing "Bread and Water,"
For thirty days instead.



THE CAPTAIN'S SHANTY

◆ ◆ ◆

I'm the Captain of the ship,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I'm the Captain of the ship,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!
Tho shining brass is not my line,
  I make the sailors rise and shine
To keep the packet looking fine,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!

I'm the Captain of the hold,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I'm the Captain of the hold,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I keep the canvas in the hold
  The lines and cordage neatly rolled,
Until the stuff gets full of mould,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!

I'm the Captain of the gun,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I'm the Captain of the gun,
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!
When on the range to make a run,
  I shoot boloney—not the gun—
As for the targets—I hit none—
  Yo! My hearties, Ho!

I'm the Captain of the head,
Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I'm the Captain of the head,
Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I work to earn my daily bread,
But what I do, I'll leave unsaid—
Next cruise I'll get a job instead.
Yo! My hearties, Ho!

I'm not Captain of a thing,
Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I'm not Captain of a thing,
Yo! My hearties, Ho!
I never work, in fact, I choose
To stay ashore and hunt for booze.
I'll be a deck hand all my cruise.
Yo! My hearties, Ho!

PALS

◆ ◆ ◆

Two little sailors, one Sunday night,
Called on a girl, then began to fight.
One was from the RAMAPO—
The other hailed from the IDAHO.
One was due to sail away,
But taking on oil caused some delay
So he went ashore, though the hour was late
To ask his girl for an extra date.
But soon he got a big surprise,
For there on the porch before his eyes ,
Sat the IDAHO man with his lady love,
Enjoying the light of the moon above.
"What's this I see?" said the RAMAPO
"Who called you in?" said the IDAHO.
And there on the porch 'neath the pale moonlight
The two little sailors began to fight.
They danced around and poked and fussed
And while the two rolled in the dust,
A lone marine came strolling by—
He saw the girl and winked his eye.
She nodded back, then got her hat,
And left the two little sailors flat.
There's a lesson somewhere in this yarn
That's worth a lot, if it's worth a darn—
So if you'd learn, start on a scout,
And try to dope the damned thing out.

BUGLES

◆ ◆ ◆

Bugler boy, it's early morn,
Rise and shine, then blow your horn,
Dawn is breaking, night is past,
Wake the sleepers with your blast.

Worry not, nor show surprise
Should drowsy men with sleepy eyes
Curse and throw things at your frame,
Call you every kind of name.

They mean no harm when they cheep,
"Please go 'way an' let me sleep,"
They accept your one-piece band
As a voice of high command.

They're always ready when you toot,
To work or play or fight and shoot;
Even die, when your shrill notes
Over scene of battle floats.

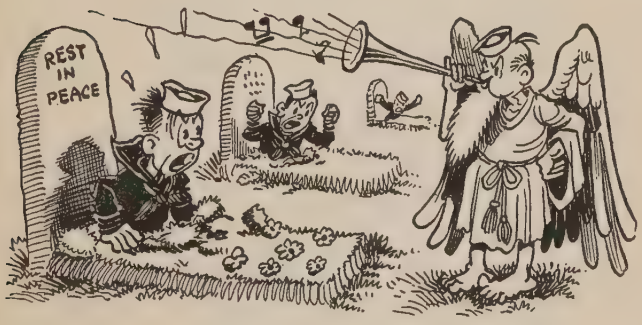
Life in service would be nil,
Should your blasts cease and be still,
We'd miss your music, tho not sweet,
That tells us to "turn to," "retreat,"

"Go to church," or "draw your pay."
"Time to eat," or "time to play,"
"Time to be back home at nights,"
"Time for bed, turn out the lights."

We say that after we are dead
And go to heaven over head,
We'll leave all earthly things behind,
But we'll do nothing of the kind.

We'll rub our eyes on judgment day,
And lift our bodies from the hay,
For even Gabriel, up on high,
Has a bugle standing nigh.

So when I die, as die I must,
And my bones are in the dust,
Please play "Taps," but do not weep,
Just go 'way an' let me sleep.



THE GUN MAN

◆ ◆ ◆

I met a lad this morning
Whom I haven't seen in years,
He was so glad to see me
That he shed some briny tears.

When we were boys together
He went to school with me,
He was my regular buddy
And a handsome lad was he.

He always stood well in his class
He led us in the "gym,"
We made him football captain
'Cause we thought so much of him.

Then one day he decided,
That he'd have to go away.
I never saw the lad again
Until this very day.

Though I learned that he had married
The belle of our small town;
A sweeter girl there never lived,
Than pretty Mary Brown.

Ah! Time has made its changes,
My friend is older now,
He seems a different fellow
Than the one I knew, somehow.

He goes around with other men
Who live such lives as he,
He cares not for the things in life
That appeal to you and me.

He often leaves his wife at home
While he stays out all night;
And often days and weeks go by
While he is out of sight.

He often goes without a shave
His face looked somewhat worn,
His shoes were soaked in grease and oil
His clothes were shabby, torn.

Machine guns are his hobby now
He plays with shot and shell,
Tho T.N.T. and glycerine
He knows about as well.

He's often seen in real low dives
His life is far from clean,
But he's a dandy skipper
On a U. S. Submarine.

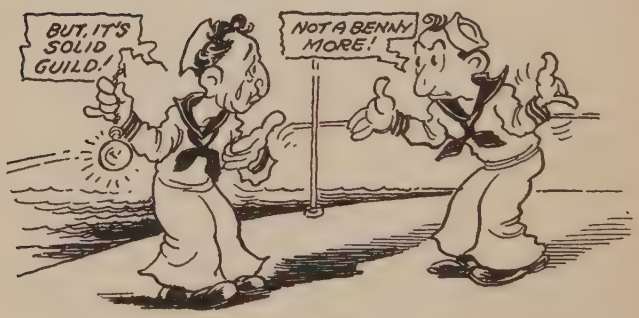
HIGH FINANCE

◆ ◆ ◆

Abie Cohen, a Yankee
In the Asiatic fleet,
Was an up-to-date young business man
His kind were hard to beat.

But it happened so one evening
That his funds were getting low,
And he needed just two dollars
To take in a certain show.

To get it was the question
The problem had him cold,
Until he hocked his ancient watch
For twenty dollars gold.



He took the shiny gold piece
And hied himself ashore,
And started in to looking for
A money changing store.

He changed his gold for silver
The standard there was "Mex,"
He got fifty Chino dollars
In cash, and not in checks.

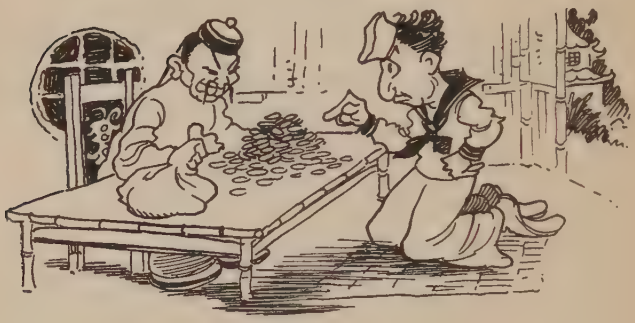
They have a way in China
Of selling money by the pound,
But in making up the chicken-feed
Their methods aren't sound.

It seems that all the little dimes
Are worth nine cents in tin,
But the bar-keeps and the merchants
Nearly always take them in.

And hand you out a dollar
For ten little dimes or so—
They don't bother with the fractions
Unless business gets too slow.

So Abie told the Chinaman
That for every Chino buck,
To give him ten cent pieces
He was saving them for luck.

It took an hour to count it;
When they finished with the junk
Our Abie had eleven dimes
For every Chino plunk.



He took the load of money
And stowed it in his socks,
Then called upon a tailor
And a merchant who sold clocks.

A butcher and a baker
Were also taken in,
And all gave up a dollar
For ten little dimes of tin.

Until he chanced to meet a man
Outside a tradesman's door,
Who said to him, "Come here my lad,
Let's talk some business o'er."

"By profession I'm a jeweler,
And I'm going to make some rings,
And I need a lot of silver
To make those sort of things.

And since you're changing money
I'll take the junk you've got—
I'll give you paper bank notes
For your whole and entire lot."

Well, business—it was business—
And our Abie wasn't slow,
To exchange his pile of clackers
For the other fellow's dough.

He made quite a little profit
On his evening's work, and now
He'd change it back to U. S. coin
And have enough for chow.

And something for that certain show
Besides—he'd get his clock
From the place where he had left it
When he put the thing in hock.

But—in selling back the paper
He learned to his regret,
That his entire pile of money
Wouldn't buy a cigarette.

It seems that up in China
When a Tuchin, ranking high,
Wants to pay for food and raiment
And to keep his army nigh,

He starts a dinky print shop
Where he prints the money neat,
And they make it legal tender
While his highness keeps his seat.

But when another war-lord
Comes along and stops his play,
They tear the paper money up
And throw the bits away.

The money that our Abie held
Became a total loss,
When a province up the river
Had acquired another boss.

So Abie tossed the pile aside,
A tear was in his eye—
"Gevalt" and "Such a business"
Was what they heard him cry.

He journeyed back on board the ship,
He didn't have a dime—
It's a money-making system
But it don't work all the time.

A MESS-BOY'S PRAYER

◆ ◆ ◆

A mess-boy named Washington
Booker T. Smudge,
Was up before mast
And the skipper was judge.
"I'm guilty, I guess,"
The colored boy cried.
"Five days in the pie-house,"
The skipper replied.
Then the master-at-arms
Took the culprit away,
But they hadn't gone far
When the skipper yelled, "Hey,
What was that remark
I just heard you declare?"
The mess-boy replied,
"It was just a small prayer."
"Well, repeat it again,
Mr. Booker T. Smudge."
"Why, all wot I said, sir,
Was 'God am de judge.' "

FIGHTING MARINES

◆ ◆ ◆

Times were rather quiet in heaven
And to pass the time away,
Saint Peter dusted off his harp
And started in to play.

But soon he had to lay it down
And reach within his jeans,
To get the keys for the Pearly Gates
To let in two marines.

A pair of hard-boiled Sergeants
Who had done their time below,
Had now come up to heaven
And would like to see the show.

Saint Peter looked them over
And bid them draw up chairs,
For he knew they must be weary
After climbing up the stairs.

He said, "Before I let you in
I'll have to take some looks,
To see what we have on you
In our golden record books."

He thumbed the pages slowly
Till at last he found the page,
Where the two marines were listed
With their place of birth and age.

He said, "Our records indicate
That you have served together,
In every ship and station
Where they have necks of leather.

That both of you were fighting men
Who did your work Okay,
When enemies attempted
To beat up the U. S. A.

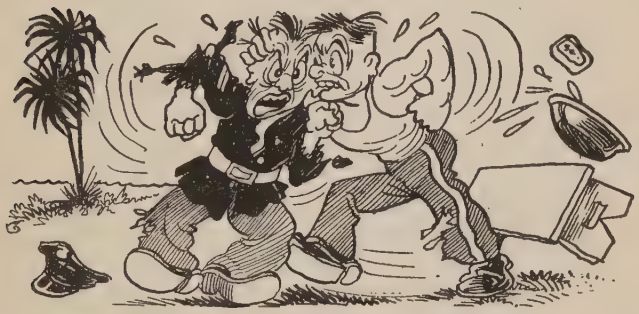
But after war was ended
And the peace doves hove in sight,
You turned upon each other
And again commenced to fight.

Each one of you were jealous
Of the other fellow's fame,
You wondered how he got that way
And longed to climb his frame.

You both have had ambitions
To be cockerel of the walk,
To be boss around the barracks
And make others toe the chalk.

But when you tried to get there
You found to your dismay,
That the other of the two of you
Was always in the way.

And every time you'd chance to meet
Each morning, noon and night,
You'd jump upon each other
And you'd claw and chew and fight.



But beyond your reputations
Of being fighting fools,
We have nothing else on record
That you broke the golden rules.

You've made each other suffer
Which was penance for your sin,
You both have had some hell on earth
So now I'll let you in."

He took them to the rookie shack
To outfit them with wings,
They drew a harp and halo
And a lot of other things.

And when the pair were straightened out
And started on their way,
Saint Peter went back to his harp
To try again to play.

But scarcely had he thumbed the harp
Or twanged a golden string,
That cherubim and seraphim
Went past him on the wing.

A terrible commotion
Had broke 'mid heavens' scenes,
And the cause of all the trouble
Was the two old ex-marines.

Saint Peter grabbed them by the neck
And to the pair did shout,
"We don't allow no fights up here
You'll have to cut it out."

The two marines stopped fighting,
Their arms dropped to their side—
Then both of them in unison
To Saint Peter replied—

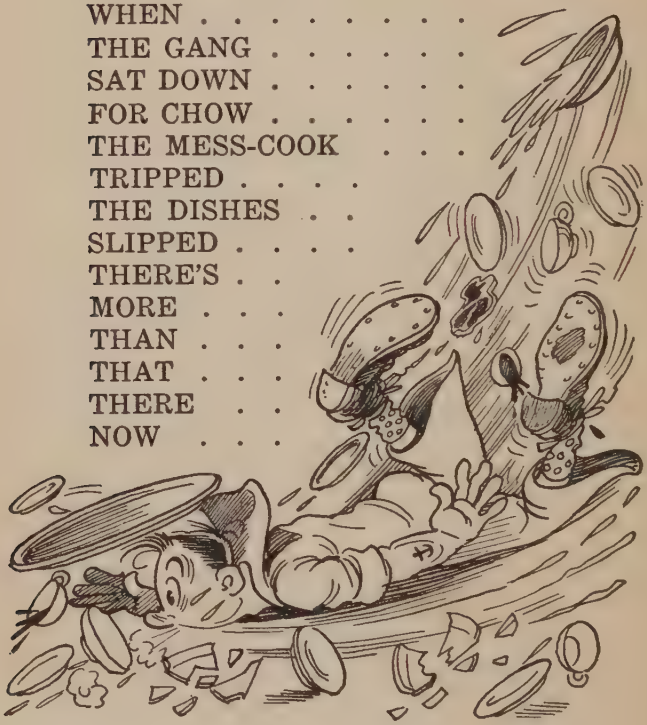
"We're sorry we've disturbed you
But we didn't know before,
That your rules and regulations
Wouldn't let us fight no more.

Please take your harp and halo
Let us go to other scenes,
For heaven surely is no place
For two old ex-marines."

BUT LESS DISHES

◆ ◆ ◆

THERE WERE . . . . . .
FORTY-SEVEN PIECES . .
IN OUR . . . . . .
DINNER-SET . . . . . .
WHEN . . . . . .
THE GANG . . . . . .
SAT DOWN . . . . . .
FOR CHOW . . . . . .
THE MESS-COOK . . . .
TRIPPED . . . .
THE DISHES . .
SLIPPED . . . .
THERE'S . .
MORE . . .
THAN . . .
THAT . . .
THERE . .
NOW . . .



ALA MOANA
(Honolulu)

◆ ◆ ◆

A crowd of rookie sailors
Were about to disembark
From the ship that brought them over
And they planned that for a lark—

They would take a local trolley
And would see what they could see
When they took a little journey
To the beach at Waikiki.

They were just a crowd of strangers
Who had not been there before
But they'd heard a lot of chatter
And some oft repeated lore—

About the hula maidens
With their eyes so soft and dark
And about the pretty scenery
In Ala Moana Park.

And about the big volcanoes
That would cast an awful glare
Away up in the heavens
When the things sent up a flare.

So no sooner was the vessel
To the dock securely tied
Than the crowd got on a street car
And began to take a ride.

And as they rode down King Street
An excited rookie spoke—
"Look at that—a big volcano—
Over there—I see the smoke."

They all yelled "Stop the street car"
And they got off with a rush—
They took out through the timber
And the scrubby underbrush.

And headed for the pit of fire
They knew must lay ahead,
For the air was foul and smoky
And the sky above was red.

They struggled through the bushes
And perhaps they spent an hour
In wading through some marshes
That were over-ripe and sour.

Yet nothing could deter them
They forged their way ahead—
Though they were tired and weary
And their bodies felt like lead.

But when they reached a clearing
And they saw before their eyes
Their eager-sought volcano
They received a big surprise.

The fumes they smelled were coming
From a lot of burning tires,
The smoke and flame resulted
From a dozen other fires.

And when they learned their error
Their spirits took a slump,
They found that their volcano
Was Ala Moana dump.

ASIATIC FEVER

◆ ◆ ◆

One day out in China, Mark Anthony Clutts,
Said, "I'm tired of this station, it's driving me nuts,
I'm sick of the goo-goos, I hate the Chinese,
There's a transport a sailing, send me back on it please.
The Asiatic station has me worried and sore,
I want to go back to my own native shore.
Where I'll throttle the fellows around me, who tell
Of the lure of the East, with its magic and spell,
And I'll eat with the pigs,
And I'll sleep in their pen,
Ere I go back to Subic, or China again.
And whenever a transport sailed out of the bay,
Mark Anthony Clutts started chanting his lay,
Till at last he got orders to pack up his shirts,
And go back to the land where the women wore skirts.
He arrived safe at home, then he scouted a job,
And said, "Gosh I'm glad I'm no longer a gob,
To enjoy myself thoroughly is just what I need,
Give me gangway and room, I'm a demon for speed."
To start off the fun he looked up a young beaut,
Whom he met at Goat Island, when he was a boot.
But her husband was home, and that altered a plan,
That they'd made to go out, without her old man.
So to pass away time, in the meanwhile to think,
He went down to the corner to purchase a drink,
But found a fish market, where once stood a bar.
(He forgot that prohibition had ended the war.)

He grew sad and lonely, there was no place to go,
Till at last he decided to take in a show.
The show had just started, when he got to his seat,
A travelogue picture was thrown on the sheet.
When the picture came on he got quite a surprise,
And he stared at them all with his wide-open eyes.
There were pictures of spots in the far Philippines,
Olongapo, China, some Japanese scenes.
A crowd of blue-jackets in "Calesa" carts,
Going out for a dance, at Mr. Ed. Harts.
Tondo, Paco, Ermita, some walled-city views,
And San Miguel Brewery, were given their dues.
Tom's Dixie Kitchen, the Bund in Shanghai,
As he looked them all over, he started to cry.
He reached for his hat and he said, "Gimme air."
"I've made up my mind that I'm going back there."

"I was happier when I wore blue-jacket togs,
I was wrong when I talked about eating with hogs,
As matters stand now, I'll go eat with the beast,
Then I'll take the first boat and go back to the East."
Now the things said and done by this Anthony guy,
Happen often to others, as transports sail by.
Each ship sailing home has its quota of men,
Who swear they will never see China again.
While those sailing back, are filled up to the guard,
With men who "eat chow with the pigs in the yard,"
Who live for adventure, and find it out there,
In spite of the smells that abound in the air.
Each day there are men in that far away fleet,
Who say many things that they'll later on eat.
When at home they recall all the times that they swore,
Or sang "We won't go back to Subic no more."

ONLY A SAILOR

◆ ◆ ◆

When grocers and butchers and bakers
And bankers and plumbers pass by—
To the sailor they see on the corner
They cast a contemptuous eye—
They say, "He is only a sailor
Whose manners are boorish and rough
While we are of much better station
We're made out of lots better stuff."

They smugly pursue their vocations
Not caring that if in the end—
While chasing the almighty dollar
They ruin the life of a friend.
Their vocation may be that of lender,
Who once in his venomous clutch,
Will foreclose on a widow and mother
Or take from a cripple his crutch.

Or they may be every-day merchants
Who think it quite proper and fun
To freeze out a competing neighbor
And break the poor sun-of-a-gun.
Or merely be smart-aleck youngsters
Who think they have a wise head,
When they cause the discharge of a father
And grab off the job in his stead.

Now a sailor has other ambitions
Such methods to him don't appeal.
He dislikes unclean competitions
He aspires to a higher ideal.
He works for the love of his country
And not for the lure of the kale,
The getting of which on the outside
Lands many galoots in the jail.

He finds that the men in the service
Have nothing whatever to sell,
Except labors complex and many
Which they do very thoroughly and well.
He can trust the word of a shipmate
No thrust of a knife will he feel
In his back—which is turned for a minute—
Friends of his are the kind that are real.

When a peach of an idea assails him
He can talk the thing out with his friends
And not be afraid that some hobo
Will use it to suit his own ends.
And when he gets stuck on a problem
All he needs do is send up a shout
His gang gathers around to assist him
And together they dope the thing out.

And when he desires a promotion
He finds it will come soon enough,
He don't have to kill off a shipmate
To get in the higher pay stuff.
Not a soul ever heard of a sailor
Who engaged in a beer-running fight
Or shinnied up gentle folks' porches
In search of their dough every night.

If all of the folks of our nation
Lived the lives that our blue jackets do,
There'd be darn little need for the lawyers
Of which we now have quite a few.
Yet they say, "He is only a sailor"
Tho he may be a millionaire's son
Who has college degrees by the bushel
And who came in the navy for fun.

Or perhaps some poor son of a sea cook
Who into the navy just strayed,
Who found it a worthwhile old outfit
Who liked it O.K. so he stayed.
Yes! "He is only a sailor"
Who's as proud as can be of his job—
Who wouldn't be "just a civilian"
But would rather remain "just a gob."

AMBITION

"Turn to, you men," the skipper said,
"And clean up round the deck,
This boat requires a scrubbing,
It looks just like a wreck.
The Admiral is coming round
To give us the once o'er,
The way the packet looks right now
It's apt to make him sore.

So manicure the fo'c'sle well,
And scrub her down and back,
A little paint around the top
Would look good on the stack.
The bright-work needs a polish rag,
And now I want each sailor
To shake a leg, improve upon
The looks of this old whaler."

Now Davey Jones, a bugler lad,
Was trying for promotion.
He heard the skipper rant and yell,
And said "I've got a notion,
To show them all what I can do,
And earn a reputation
For being right upon the job
At my own cleaning station."

He got a swab, a holystone,
Some bright-work gear, and sand,
And started in to polish up
And make the ship look grand.
All night he worked with might and main,
He never stopped till morn;
And then 'twas only long enough
To blow his little horn.

He missed his beans and coffee,
He took no time to eat,
He simply wanted to be sure
His cleaning job was neat.
At last the job was finished,
The deck looked at its best,
But Davey didn't have much time
To sit around and rest.

The Admiral was approaching,
Dave had no time to lose,
He only had a moment left
To change his clothes and shoes,
And rush back to the gangway
Where the Captain and the crew
Were, there to give the Admiral
His customary due.

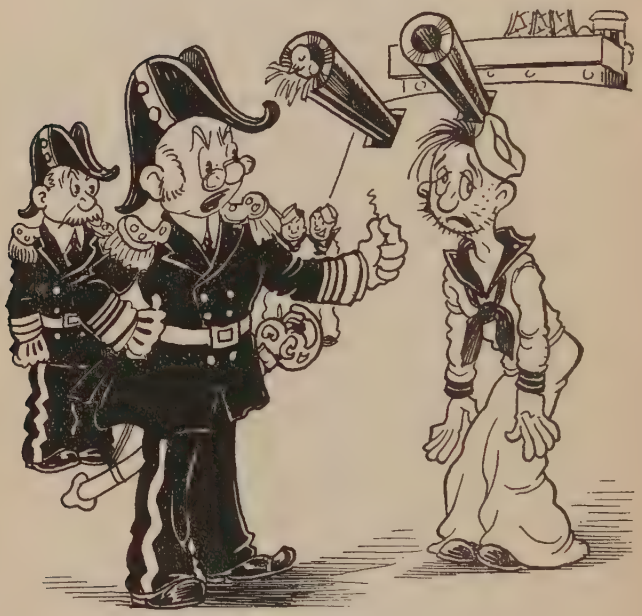
The Admiral just saluted,
Then started on a scout.
If the darned old can was dirty,
He was going to find it out.
He looked in nooks and corners,
He found a pair of socks
Stowed in behind some paint-work rags,
Beneath a cracker box.

He found an empty sardine can
Behind a dirty chair,
The more he looked around the ship
The more he showed dispair.
But when he came upon the deck
He registered elation,
The brightest spot on board the ship
Was Dave J's cleaning station.

"I'd like to see the young man who
Has shown these signs of action."
The Admiral said, as he scanned the work
With looks of satisfaction.
Dave heard the words, he beamed with pride,
Thought he, "Now comes the praise,
I hope the Captain hears it all,
And then I'll get a raise."

He stepped before the Admiral
And said, "I did all that,"
But what the Admiral said to Dave,
Laid poor Dave cold and flat.
It seems that Dave had overlooked
One small bet in his plan,
Of getting into favor with
The Admiral and old man.

He'd spent his time in working
And fixing up the place,
But in his zeal he just forgot
To work upon his face.
And when the Admiral looked him o'er
He had no praise for Dave,
He merely frowned and then he said,
"Young man, you need a shave."



PIG BOATS

◆ ◆ ◆

Single up on the lines—
And tell 'em below
To stand by the motors,
We're ready to go.

Put air on the whistle
Then give it a yank
Let go of all lines
And haul in the plank.

Back her down slowly
That's well—stop her dead—
Stand by on the engines—
All set? All ahead.

Rig out on the bow planes
Close deck hatches too—
Ventilate inboard—
Rig for diving when thru.

Two blasts on the signal
Open kingstons and flood
Main ballast—go easy,
Or we'll land in the mud.

Level off around thirty
Then raise the glass eye—
Keep clear of the ships
Up above passing by.

Stand by on the tubes
We'll fire a few 'whales,'
And pray they run hot,
And that none of them fails.

To go where they're sent
And not on the 'Fritz,'
Now they're off, running true—
Great—all of them hits.

One blast on the signal,
Blow main ballast tanks,
Secure air and close kingstons,
Start main drain pump—Thanks.

Put the high pressure pump
On the tubes—sing out when
The pressure is equal—
Open main induct—then

Be sure that no water
Will come down inside
When you loosen the hatch—
And then open it wide.

That's all for today,
Let's go back to the fleet.
What worries us now is—
WHEN DO WE EAT?"

SHIPPING OVER

◆ ◆ ◆

When first I viewed the Navy
(On a billboard in our town)
It filled me with ambition
And I longed to roam around.
So I sold my mule and harness
And left the dear old farm
I promised to do four full years
Then hoisted up my arm.

They sent me out to China,
From there to Timbuctoo—
I saw the shores of Italy
And France and England too.
I did a cruise in Ireland,
A watch upon the Rhine,
In fact I traveled everywhere
And thought the cruising fine.

But after while I tired a bit
Of cruising round at sea—
I thought of home—a blue-eyed girl—
Who said she'd wait for me.
Visions of the wheat fields
And cornstalks filled my mind—
I thought of the mule and harness
That I had left behind.

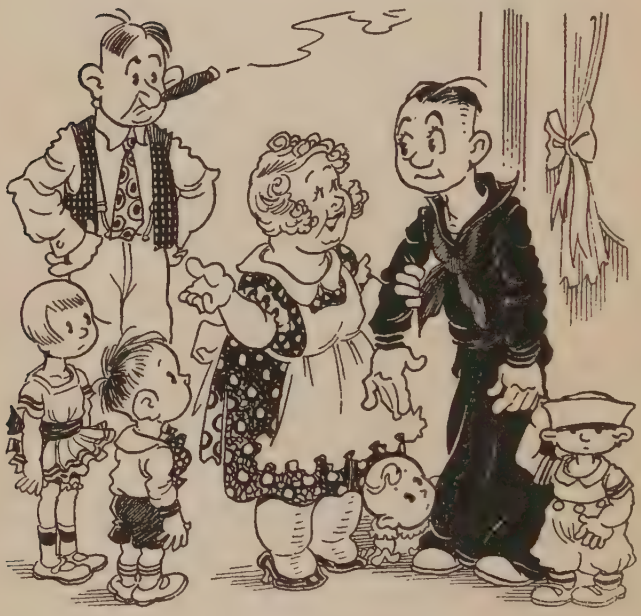
At last my cruise was ended
The years slipped quickly by—
They asked me if I'd ship again—
I said "I would—me eye"
"The Navy'll see no more of me—
I think it's all the bunk."
I gathered all my sox and shirts
And packed them in my trunk.

I bought a one-way ticket
Straight thru to Illinois
Back home I went to the "good old burg"
I knew when just a boy.
I landed at the water tower
And set my sea-bag down
The place seemed small and lonesome—
I hardly knew the town.

I went to Scoggins' grocery store
My old gang would be there—
But all I met when I went inside
Was just a vacant stare.
Old Scoggins—he was dead and gone
About a year before—
He drank some bootleg rum it seems,
And then gave up the store.

I inquired about Fay Parsons
But he had left the town—
And in moving off he took along
The wife of old Bill Brown.
I asked about Tod Hopkins
He too had moved away—
In fact the whole darned bunch was gone,
The town was far from gay.

I wandered out to call upon
That blue-eyed girl so true,
I wanted her to see me in
My uniform of blue.
She met me at the old front door
And bid me come inside—
She introduced her husband
And their four kids by her side.



There wasn't much more left to do
I felt just like a fool.
I went back to the good old farm
And shook hands with the mule.
And then an idea came to me
As I grabbed him by the arm—
'Twas only a poor jackass like him
Who'd stay out on a farm.

I thought about my other gang
Whose home was on the sea.
Who played around with turret guns
Or ran the machinery.
I longed for the smell of Navy beans
Put out by the old ship's cook
I kissed the mule a fond good-bye
And gave him a parting look.

I grabbed the first old rattler
That came by headed west—
I said "No more farm for me—
I like the Navy best."
And though I know I'll never be rich
I'm back in the Navy now—
Contented I'll be—way out on the sea.
To hell with the farm and plow.

A SAILOR'S CAR

◆ ◆ ◆

A sailor stopped before a place
They called an "Auto Park"
Where on display were autos
That were new (before the ark)
For there beside the sidewalk
Bright colors caught his eye
'Twas a little ancient "Lizzie"
And its paint was scarcely dry.
He bargained with the dealer
The price he found was right—
He said "G'wan an' wrap it up—
I'll take it home tonight."
He got a friend to tow it home
And then he started in—
To do a little fixin'
On his little hunk of tin.
He got himself a crowbar
A monkey-wrench and plier—
A hammer and a scissors
And a half a bale of wire.
He made a brand-new body
From an empty cracker box
He rigged a dandy fan belt
From a pair of cast-off sox—

The running board was shaky
So he wound the thing up tight
He spoiled a plate-glass window
To repair his starboard light.
He bought a brand-new fender
From a place that had a fire—
He roamed around in bone yards
Till he found a half-used tire.
The engine wasn't hitting,
And when he looked inside,
He found beneath the cover
Where a pair of cats had died.
The cylinders were leaking
The walls were rusted thin—
But soon he had it working
With a yard or two of tin.
The flywheel too, was missing
But it didn't get his goat
He replaced it with another
From a surveyed motor boat.
He made some other changes
On magnetos, pump and clutch—
He got the parts he needed
From a lawnmower and a crutch.
And when he had it ready,
It was his joy and pride—
It might be safer walking,
But 'twas lots of fun to ride.

INDEPENDENCE

◆ ◆ ◆

Bill Fuzlow of Missouri
Was engaged in raising ham
When he shipped into the Navy
Of our dear old Uncle Sam.
But he was a regular fellow
Despite his farm-hand ways
And he liked to sit and tell us
Of his former farm-hand days.
Bill was young before prohibition
And had never seen saloons
But the farmers made their likker
'Neath the yellow harvest moons
And before he joined the Navy
Bill liked his little nip
And he missed the golden moonshine
When he joined a battleship.
He was sent to old Cavite,
In the far-off Philippines
Where the natives wear their shirt tails
On the outside of their jeans.
No sooner had he landed
Than he went upon a scout—
If a bootlegger was handy
He was going to find it out.

No one had ever told Bill
That in the Philippines
They have no more prohibition
Than a rose bush has string beans.
When he told them what he wanted
The folks all laughed and said
That the heat had finally got him
And he'd better go to bed.
But Bill grew hot and thirsty
His feet grew tired and sore
So he thought he'd buy an ice cream
From a soda fountain store.

He came to Hickey Johnston's
Which was just outside the gates,
Two swinging doors reminded him
Of places in the States,
Where drugs were incidental
And the fountain the main part
Of places where our druggists
Maintain a hardware mart.

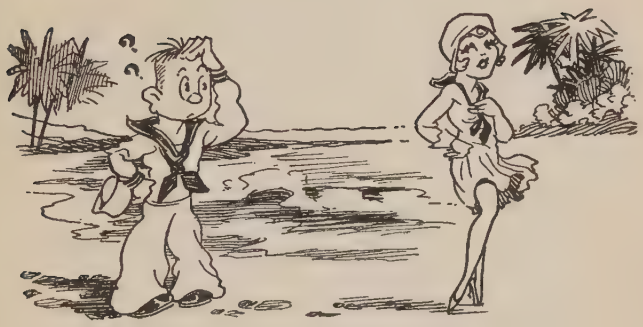
The place looked so inviting
That he walked in with a jerk
And said "I want a soda"
To the soda fountain clerk.

"An' what will you have in it?"
Asked the clerk with bearded jaw
"I'll take it straight" said William
"But I'll thank you for a straw."
The bar-keep smiled at William
And winked a friendly eye,
And Bill said "Gosh, I'm lucky—
I've found a regular guy"
He said "Come closer Mister,
While I whisper in your ear—
Do you think that it is possible
To buy some corn near here?"
"Why surely, at the feed store"
The bar-keep then replied
"Do you want it for some jackass
That you've left to stand outside?"
"No, I want it for myself, sir!"
Our Bill began to say,
Then the bar-keep said "Be careful,
Or they're apt to sell you hay—
I've an idea you're a tourist
Wot has jest arrived out here,
If I understand you rightly
You'd be satisfied with beer."
He drew a large libation
Of the cool and foamy brew
While Bill's eyes popped in wonder
It was too good to be true.

Then caution overcame Bill—
He looked round toward the door—
He ran around behind the bar,
And drank it on the floor.
"My boy, you're somewhat nervous"
Said the barkeep rather kind—
"Get on your feet and take your drink
You've left the States behind—
It's not a crime to take a drink
Out in the Philippines,
There's not a native in the bunch
That knows what 'Volstead' means."
Then Bill came out of hiding,
And stood before the rail—
His brow was deep with wrinkles,
His face was somewhat pale.
"I'd like to know the answer
To a question then" said he,
"Why is it that the Philippines
Wants us to make them free?
They say that independence
Would improve their happy lot,
But they've got a dam site more right now
Than the U. S. A. has got."

HONOLULU

◆ ◆ ◆



Young Ebenezer Slocum
Was a lonely sailor lad,
Who thought life in Honolulu
Wouldn't be so very bad—

If he knew a little maiden
Who would like to neck and spoon,
And pass away the evening
'Neath a pale Hawaiian moon.

He did a lot of thinking
As he scratched among his hair,
On how to get acquainted
With a charming lady fair.

Till one day while out walking
He espied a little peach,
Who stopped to ask the sailor
Where the natives kept the beach.

"I'd like to take you down there"
The lad began to say,
The lady said "That's lovely"
And they started on their way.

They did a little swimming
And they sat beneath a shade,
And Eben got to thinking
That perhaps this pretty maid—

Would let him come a calling
At her home on regular nights,
If he took her round the city
And he showed her all the sights.

He gathered up his courage
After counting o'er his roll,
And asked the fair young charmer
If she'd like to take a stroll—

To a place where snappy waiters
Served the choicest kinds of meats,
And apple pie with trimmings
And a lot of other treats.

And after feasting gaily
They went out for a ride,
He took her to the Pali
And then down the other side.

They went around the Island
And after they got back,
He took his friend out shopping
And blew a lot of jack—

In buying silk kimonos
Some pretty beads of glass,
A steel guitar and trimmings
For a hula skirt of grass.

And when they'd finished shopping
They had no place else to roam,
The lady said "It's getting late—
You'd better take me home."

He hailed a passing taxi
And as he took his seat,
He said "You tell the driver
How to find the proper street."

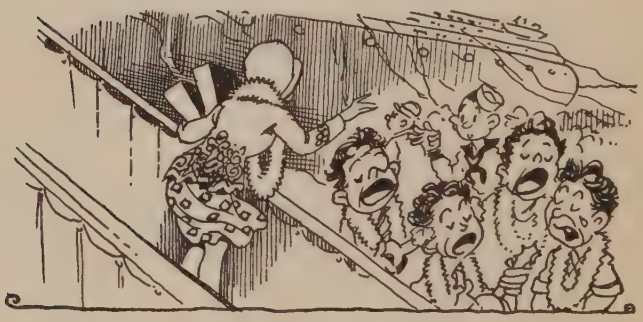
The lady gave instructions
Till at last they passed a clock,
And the taxi stopped its journey
At the Alakea Dock—

Where a steamer bound for Sydney
Was to sail within an hour,
From the time that now was showing
In the great Aloha tower.

As she stepped out from the taxi
The lady turned to say,
"I really want to thank you
For the time I've had today—

And should you visit Sydney
Be sure to make a call,
My husband then will thank you
For the hula skirt and all."

From half way up the gangway
A little kiss she flung,
And Eben sort o' figured
That perhaps he had been stung.



"GUTS"

◆ ◆ ◆

When your bank account is busted
And you haven't got a cent,
When the landlord's acting ugly
'Cause you owe him last month's rent.

And the butcher and the baker
Have worn their knuckles sore,
By hammering and pounding
At the framework of your door.

Don't figure that you're beaten,
And that nothing else remains—
Except to do the "dutch act"
And blow out your meagre brains.

Just show them you're no quitter
There's no yellow in your frame,
And as long as you are kicking
You will try to play the game.

And that you have the backbone
To go upon a scout,
To find a way to pay them
Instead of passing out.

And when your lady friend starts yawning
As you court that lady fair,
And she finally tells you "beat it"
And she makes you take the air,

Don't blow your silly can off
For that won't help your case,
It merely stops your progress
And messes up the place.

Just take your hat and travel,
Go scout another dame.
You'll find out in the long run
That there's lots of better game.

And should the wife act foolish
And grab some other guy,
Don't start in wearing sack cloth,
And sit around and cry.

Just figure that you're better off—
Be darned glad that she went.
A wife that won't stick by you
Isn't worth a rusty cent.

Instead of drinking poison
Just clinch your teeth and grin,
And show the world you're man enough
To take it on the chin.

When trials and tribulations
Try to stop you as you pass,
Don't try to dodge or beat them
By turning on the gas,

For it's only yellow mongrels
Who lay down when they're kicked,
But a good old fighting bull-dog
Never knows just when he's licked.

SEPTEMBER MORN

◆ ◆ ◆

The cook and the baker
Went out for a swim—
They hung their clothes
On a hickory limb.

While they were bathing
And having their play
Their clothes fell down
And floated away.

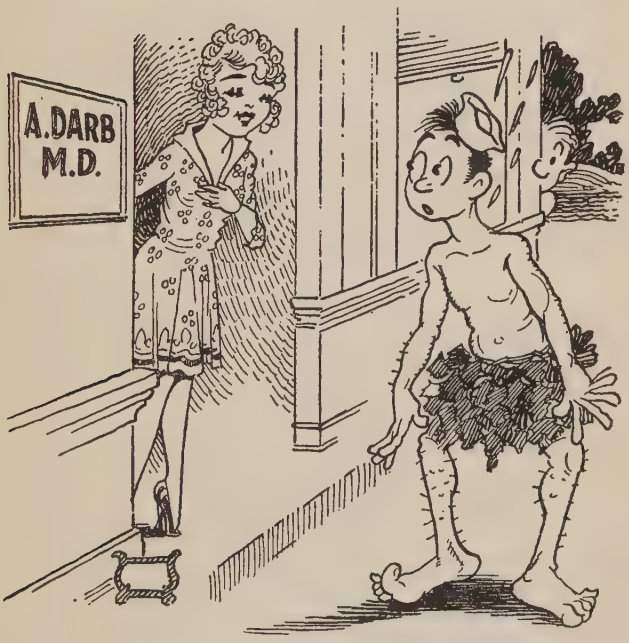
"My Gawd! What a fix!"
The baker man cried
"What will I do
To cover my hide?"

The cook said, "That's easy—
Just give me some leaves—
We'll drape ourselves up
Like Adams and Eves.

They'll last for the moment
While one of us goes
To call on the neighbors
To borrow some clothes."

Then the baker went up
To a doctor's door—
To borrow some pants
Which the doctor wore.

But back to the cook
The baker man fled
"I'm the doctor"
A lady had said.



MARCHING

◆ ◆ ◆

Rufus Hanks of Iowa
Got tired of raising shoats—
And hens and cows and guinea pigs,
And hay and corn and oats.

He went to San Diego
Where he signed up as a gob;
At the Naval Training Station
He got started on the job.

He learned to tie a granny knot
He learned to scrub his clothes,
He learned to manicure a deck
With holystone and hose.

They taught him how to talk with flags
About a mile or more;
They taught him lots of other things
But one thing made him sore.

He said, "When they start marching—
Right then I start to squawk—
Who ever heard that sailormen,
Were ever made to walk?

My feet are tired and aching
My corns are swollen tight—
I feel that I'll go batty
If they shout again, 'Squads right.' "

But aching feet were no excuse
They marched him fast and slow,
Until he knew the drills by heart
And then they let him go—

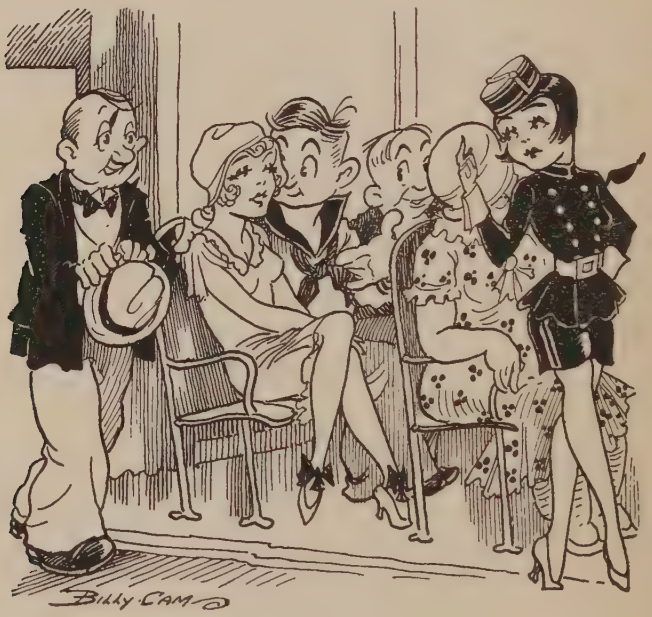
To join the other rubber boots
Who just had drawn their pay
And were headed for the city
Where they'd roam around and play.

He sauntered down on Broadway
In his brand-new sailor suit
Until he spied a flapper
Who was just a little beaut.

She smiled at him and winked her eye—
He started in to date her—
He took her for a feed and then—
They went to a theatre.

And while they sat and watched the show
The sailor boy got bolder—
He told the girl to rest her head
Upon his manly shoulder.

They sat through one performance
But when 'twas time to go—
He said, "Let's sit and neck awhile
And see the second show."



"Okay with me," the lady said
"But ere we see another—
I must go out and telephone
To my dear loving mother.

And tell her why I'm out so late
Lest worry should assail her—
But I'll come back when I tell her
That I am with a sailor."

The lady bid him hold the seat
While she stepped out the door—
And then she beat it somewhere else
And saw our friend no more.

He waited till the show was done
Then started up a shout—
As the ushers tried to lock the place
Before they threw him out.

He gazed about the street awhile
But found no place to roam—
The town was closed up for the night
And so he started home.

He caught a local trolley car
To go back to the station—
But when he tried to pay his fare
He faced a situation.

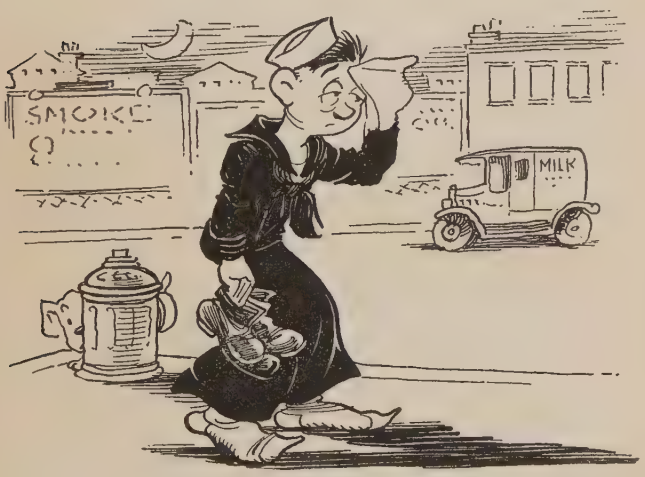
It seems that while the show was on
His little flapper honey,
Had helped herself to all he had
Of watch and chain and money.

He searched in all his pockets
In an effort to find fare,
Till the car man got impatient
And he gave our friend the air.

Then Rufus started walking
And although he didn't like it—
He had to get back home somehow
And so he had to hike it.

"I've often heard of girlies who
Walk back home from a ride—
But I never knew that sailors
Do the same thing too," he cried.

"I guess the navy knows its stuff—
Their marching drills are dandy—
For on occasions just like this
The practice comes in handy."



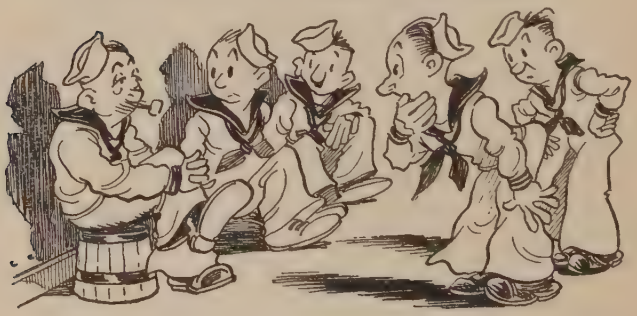
FAMOUS PLACES

◆ ◆ ◆

The boatswain's mate, the coxswain
With some members of the crew,
Were loafing on the fo'c'sle
Having nothing else to do—
"Let's start a fight," said someone—
"Let's don't," the coxswain said,
"I have a better idea—
Let's play a game instead.
We've all been 'round to places
We know our scenery well,
We've been to every seaport
That lies this side of hell,
And in our world wide travels
We've noted buildings tall,
Signs, business houses, statues,
Some landmarks known to all—
So offer some suggestions—
Name some familiar spot.
Let's see which of the places
Is the best-known of the lot."
The gang then drew in closer
And each one tried to name
The landmark most entitled
To wear the wreath of fame.

One man said "Out in Frisco,
When landing from the fleet,
A big sign "57"
Appears on Market Street."
"I guess I win the marbles"
But another man said "No"
"Let me include the lighthouse
Down near old San Pedro"
Another said "You're crazy—
I win the prize by far—
For how about Manila
And the Silver Dollar Bar?"
Another mentioned Shanghai—
"The Carleton Club" said he,
Another shouted out "New York—
Statue of Liberty."
Havana's Moro Castle
Was listed in the race
But "Kelly's Ritz" in Panama
Had that backed off the place.
The City Hall of Boston
Lost out to L. A., then—
Someone thought of "Philly"
Statue of William Penn.
Honolulu got a break—
Aloha Tower was why
They dropped the fort in San Juan,
Porto Rico, W. I.

The tramway line in Hongkong
Got mention from a few—
And spots in Norway—Ireland—
Got some attention too.
Landmarks from every city,
From Troy to Timbuctoo,
Were lined up for inspection
And all passed in review.
Until the boatswain's mate awoke
And shook his sleepy frame,
Knocked the ashes from his pipe,
Then busted up the game.
He said "You've mentioned places
That are known to just a few—
Now I'll recite a landmark
That's known to all of you.
Just hand the crocheted stove lid
To your friend the boatswain's mate
But how about that hockshop
Just outside the Sands Street gate?"



SENTENCED TO THE NAVY

◆ ◆ ◆

There was a judge in our town
Who thought that he was wise—
Who heard a lot of evidence
Against a pair of guys.

Who were caught by two policemen
While breaking down a door,
And were taking food and money
From a local grocery store.

He said, "I have an idea
That you men who stole the eggs,
Have all the traits and earmarks
Of a pair of regular yeggs.

But it makes me sad and weary
That such able men as you
Must be sent away to prison
To be kept a year or two.

Instead of passing sentence
That will land you in the pen,
I'll give you both another chance
To learn how to be men.

And here's my proposition—
Try and get this through your hat—
You can either join the Navy
Or you'll get a two-year bat."

"Of course we'll join the Navy"
Quickly said the pair of thugs—
"We're not so patriotic
But we hate to live in jugs.

And if you will parole us
We will take our shirts and sox
And beat it for the Navy
For that sure beats breaking rocks."

The judge suspended sentence
And he put them on probation,
He sent them with a guard of men
To a recruiting station.

And as the yeggmen left the room
The judge pulled up his chair
He said, "I showed my wisdom
When I gave those bums the air.

They're out of our fair village
And the Navy holds the sack,
I hope it makes good men of them
Before it sends them back."

He sat down in his easy chair
To laugh about his joke,
And then his phone began to ring
And presently it spoke.

"This is the Navy talking, sir!
What's all this dope we hear
About you sending bums to us?
Now get this message clear—

The purpose of our Navy is
To uphold our constitution,
We're running no reform school
Or penal institution.

The men we have are not the kind
Who'd rob a bank at night,
Or climb a porch or steal a pig
Or anything in sight.

The kind of men we have with us
Are men whose hearts are true,
The Nation's pride parade inside
Their uniforms of blue.

It is not fair to make them share
Their ship or Naval station,
With crooks and bums or other scums
With shady reputation.

We hate to think about the time
When the guarding of our nation
Is done by crooks and holdup men
Out on a bench probation.

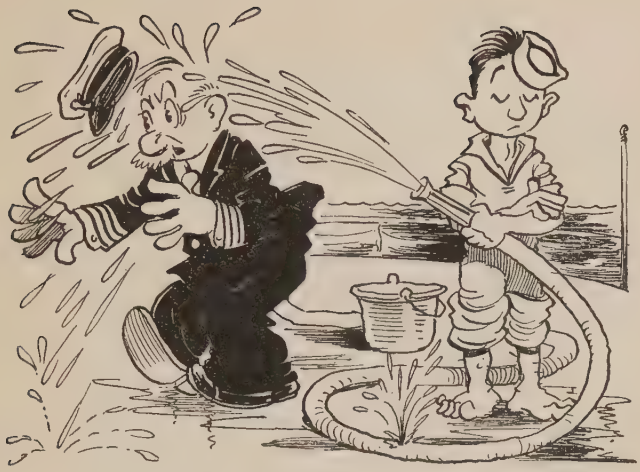
We have no place for crook or yegg
The kind you've just turned loose,
The proper place for such as they
Is in the calaboose.

And we are of firm opinion
That bozos like these two
Should be with bums and that is why
We'll send them back to you."

PROSE (?)

◆ ◆ ◆

Our dashing young coxswain
Has trimmed off his crows,
And stepped in the brig
For a three-day repose,
For the poor silly sap
Went into a doze
While wetting down deck
With a salt-water hose
And ruined the skipper's
Brand-new suit of clothes,
(Which is not being done—
As everyone knows).
And now he has plenty
Of troubles and woes,
And figures the skipper's
The worst of his foes.
No doubt he is mad
From his head to his toes,
And the longer he's in
The madder he grows,
And hopes that the skipper
Wherever he goes,
Will land in a place
That is devoid of snows.



Where Satan will tell him
To cut out the pose,
And grab a big shovel
And make a few throws
Of coal on the bums
And the rest of the Bo's
Who are parked near the bottom
And dog-gone near froze.
And now that I've told you,
It's time, I suppose,
To knock off this hooey
And come to a close.

WATER-FRONT NIGHTS

◆ ◆ ◆

The water-front lights burned brightly
And a goodly crowd was there,
There were shouts of joy and laughter
Pleasant music filled the air—
The crew of the "Tuscarora"
Were out on a jamboree
Blowing in a pile of money
They'd won from the "Sara T."

The sound of their gay carousal
Swept out o'er the nearby bay
Where it brought threats of vengeance
From the place where the "Sara" lay—
For every man on the "Sara,"
Had bet his last cent and sou
On the race-boat crew of the "Sara"
But the boat finished up place two.

And many were the suggestions
Brought forth by the "Sara's" men
As they sought a means to win back
Their hard-earned cash again.
Till at last Bill Duff, a seaman,
Broke in with a voice quite loud
"I've an idea in my bonnet
That will break the 'Tusky's' crowd.

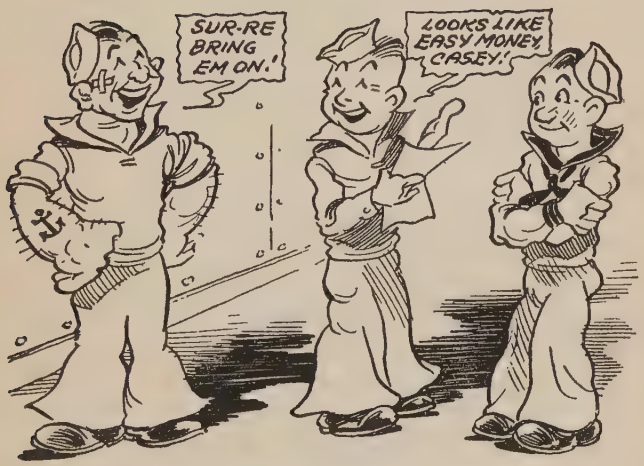
They've a man on board, Pat Casey,
Who's as tough as a harp can be,
But I'll lay him out for inspection
If he climbs in a ring with me.
I'll wrap my wrists and knuckles
When the tape is neatly bent
The folks wont know that underneath
Is a lot of hard cement.

I'll break all the heavy padding
On the inside of my glove—
If the referee is napping
I might butt, or foul, or shove.
And a little powdered rosin
On the outside of my mitt
Will inflict a slight abrasion
Every time I make a hit.

I'll put some grease and vaseline
On my body and in my hair,
When his gloves start landing on me
They will slip off in the air.
Their Casey'll kiss the carpet
And he'll never know he's struck
If I place a pair of horseshoes
Inside of my glove for luck.

And I know a dozen other
Little tricks that I can use
You can safely bet your stockings
I don't stand a chance to lose."
Well, the idea seemed worthy
Of at least an honest (?) try
So the "Sara" sent a challenge
Ere another day went by.

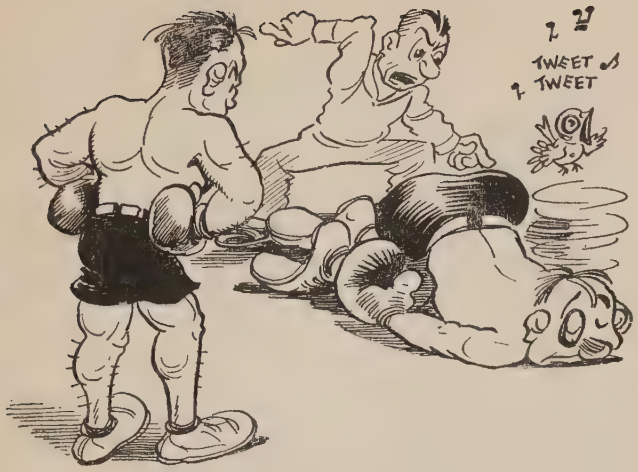
And to make it more exciting
They agreed to bet some cash,
That their shipmate would make Casey
Look like two cents worth of hash.
In contempt the "Tuscarora"
Looked the "Sara's" challenge o'er
They said "It looks like pickings
For another feed ashore.



So we'll cover all the money
That they'll put up on the fight,
And we'll stage that little battle
Any place they name—tonight."
When the "Sara" heard that "Tusky"
Had agreed to stage the clash
Her crew made sundry efforts
To obtain some ready cash.

Some hocked watches—others clothing—
Some got money from ashore—
And they bet on "Sara's" William
Till they couldn't bet no more.
As the zero hour drew nearer
The excitement was intense—
Both sides were eager waiting
For the battle to commence.

When the time came for the battle
And officials said begin—
William made a dash for Casey,
And then led off with his chin.
Casey looked at Bill a second
Or perhaps 'twas less and then—
Shot a straight right out at William
Who took forty counts of ten.



The water-front lights burned brightly
And a goodly crowd was there—
There were shouts of joy and laughter
Pleasant music filled the air.
But the crew of the good ship "Sara"
Stayed on board to watch the shop—
They were broke and sad—dejected—
For their hero was a flop.

THE FIRST THIRTY

◆ ◆ ◆

When you're tired of dodging landlords
Who pursue you for their rent;
When you're lonely, broke and worried
And a gay recruiting gent
Hands you out a little info
'Bout the life they lead at sea
And you stroke your jaw and mutter
"That's the very life for me"—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When he leads you to an office,
Where you sign your life away,
In return for which they'll feed you
And they'll give you so much pay—
And they send you to a railroad
With a lot of young recruits
And ship you to the station
Where they train the rubber boots—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When you reach the training station
And you walk inside the gate
And the joint looks like a prison
But you've found it out too late—
When they send you to the doctor
Who looks you o'er with care,
When they call the station barber
Who removes your wealth of hair—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When you put on your first outfit
Of sailor clothes of blue,
And discover they were made for
A much larger man than you—
When they stow you in the "D" camp
Where you spend the first three weeks
Learning how to sleep in hammocks
Like the real sea-going sheiks—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When the "D" camp job is over
And they tell you grab a gun,
And you spend all day in marching
'Neath a torrid summer sun;
When your feet get full of blisters
And your back is nearly broke,
When you say this job is awful,
And I thought it was a joke—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest

When surrounded with a bucket
And a piece of soap and hose—
When you start your own hand laundry
And commence to bathe your clothes—
When you long for home and mother
Back among the corn and hay;
When you say "The Navy's hooey,"
And you want to run away—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When your training days are over,
And you're ready for a boat—
When you're restless and you wonder
What big job you'll get afloat—
When they send you to a cruiser,
Very trim and fast and slick,
But which wallows in a seaway,
Till you're laid out cold and sick—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When the target practice season
Has you worried like a coot—
When you're just a wee bit gun-shy
'Cause you've never heard them shoot—
When the Gun-Cap hollers "Mis-fire"
And you start to make a reach
For the funny-looking handle
That will open up the breech—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When you're tired of single harness
And you sign up for a wife—
And you make out an allotment
That will pay her board for life—
Then discover on returning
From a five-months' cruise away,
That some member of the home guard
Helped her blow in all your pay—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When the spig-a-dees or goo-goos
Start in shooting up a town,
And our Uncle sends a warship
And a gang to pipe 'em down—
When you have to make a landing
With a field piece or a gun,
While the snipers on the house-tops
Take a shot at you for fun—
Remember—the first thirty years are the hardest.

When you're lost from your detachment
In a tropic underbrush—
When the enemy surrounds you
And they charge you with a rush—
When they fill you full of buckshot
Or some other kind of shell—
When you try to land in heaven
But you wind up down in hell—
Remember—the first thirty years are the *hottest.*

FLOATING

◆ ◆ ◆

"This is sure wonhelava ship"
Some shiftless gob asserts—
He puts in a "request for transfer"
Then packs his sox and shirts;

And to some other ship he goes
To seek the big iron plunk—
And there he gets in bad again
And says the ship is punk.

On every ship, however slick,
You'll hear some sailor say,
This danged old packet gets my goat—
I'll chase myself away.

The enlisted man gets no chance here,
He finds no open door,
The whole darned bunch on board the tub
Just makes me good and sore.

From ship to ship, his kind will drift,
And find each one the worst,
Until at last he gets kicked out
Of the service, both feet first.

All ships are good if you will work
And try to reach the top,
But—they sure are hell if you're a shirk
And all you do is yawp.

Select a man whose heart is bold
Whose courage never slumped,
And he will gather rates and gold
No matter where he's dumped.

Tho serving on the best of ships
Or on an island bare,
You'll see him coming with the goods
With both feet in the air.

And when you see a sailor wail,
And blame things all around,
You may be sure that he will fail
Where ere he settles down.

THE SEA PATROLMAN

◆ ◆ ◆

A statesman and a preacher
And a man who peddled clocks
And a guy who made some doorknobs
And who turned them out in flocks,
Sat scanning o'er their tax returns
Each shed a briny tear
They said "The cost of Government
Is getting rather dear."

"We ought to write our congressman
And tell him kinda rough—
That it's time we done some cutting
On this high-price taxes stuff.
It seems we've got an Army
And a large crowd of marines,
And a great big useless Navy
That just clutters up the scenes.

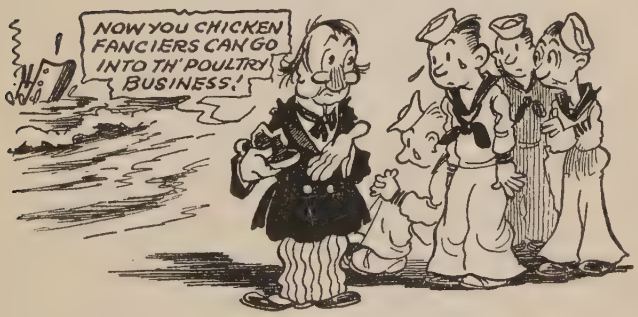
And all that stuff costs money
Which we tax payers must pay—
It's time we canned the layout
And we threw the junk away.
We're living in a time of peace
We'll have no future spats—
The world and us are neighbors—
And we have no use for gats.

So each one wrote a letter
To their friend the President—
And sent a long epistle
To their Congress Represent.
Another to the fellow
Who sat 'neath Senate roofs,
And a flock of other letters
To a lot of other goofs.

And when the guys who got them
Looked them o'er, they stroked their jaws
They said "I guess we'll have to
Pass some anti-navy laws.
We'll make it quite illegal
To maintain an Army gay—
We'll sink our ships and Navy,
And chase the marines away.

They went into a huddle,
To amend some amendment
To a famous constitution
And when 'twas done they sent
The Army to the country
To tend the cows and sheep—
They took the Navy out to sea
And sunk it in the deep.

They told the blue-clad sailors
To go scout some other jobs—
They had no further need at all
For leathernecks or gobs.
When the statesman and the preacher
And the guy who peddled clocks
Heard how they'd canned the Army
And had sunk our ships with rocks—



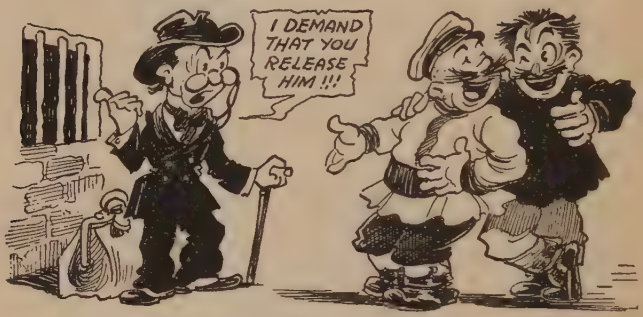
And disposed of the marine corps
A smile came o'er their pan—
They said "We'll save in taxes—
I'm a very happy man.
The world will all respect us
And I know 'twill treat us right
When they hear that we've no Navy,
And we're too durned proud to fight.

They went to foreign countries
To sell their line of clocks—
To auction off the doorknobs—
To convert the heathen flocks.
But when the crowd arrived there
They received a big surprise,
The natives weren't friendly
To Americano guys.

They took the clocks and doorknobs
But acted kinda rash
When our two misguided merchants
Tried to hint around for cash.
They stole the ships they came on
Then in manner somewhat gruff—
They told our friends to beat it
Or they'd start in acting rough.

They took the friendly preacher
And they put him in the jug,
And then demanded ransom
Or they'd skin him for a rug.
When the dignified old statesman
Heard from the other two
About the things that happened
He said "I know just what I'll do—

I'll go and show those natives
All the folly of their sin"
But when the natives saw him
They just said "Who let you in?"
"Go take your bag and beat it—
You big homely-looking cuss—
Unless you've got a Navy—
Why, you can't talk to us."



The statesman journeyed homeward
With the preacher man in tow—
He got the latter out of hock—
But it cost a lot of dough.
The two misguided merchants
Just sat at home and cried
Their plans for foreign markets
Had crawled away and died.

Later on they got together
And they talked the matter o'er
They said "We need a Navy
Like the one we had before—
As long as human nature
Is as faulty as it is—
We must have some protection
If we want to get the biz.

We still must have policemen
To look after all the thugs
Who climb our porch of evenings
And steal our watch or rugs—
The same applies to nations
Though the thought just makes us sad—
They're a lot of regular fellows
But sometimes one goes bad.

Let us build another Navy
One equal to the best—
Of any other nation
And right there we'll let it rest—
We'll call it our policeman
Who insures our safety—
Who guards our constitution
And our freedom of the sea.

MISTAKES

◆ ◆ ◆

When everything seems dreary
And the joy of life has flown,
'Cause you've pulled a lot of boners,
Don't give up or sit and moan.
Remember that our greatest men
Have also pulled a few
Bone-headed stunts—they've made mistakes
Just like those made by you.

The wisest men are apt to make
An error now and then,
The saps are those who make the same
Ones o'er and o'er again.
When you make mistakes don't worry
Go mark them on the ice,
Remember how you made them,
And don't make the same ones twice.

The chaps who smugly tell the world
They never make mistakes,
Have probably made nothing—
They're just a lot of fakes.
To make errors is but human,
Every man is apt to flop,
That's the reason all the pencils
Have the rubbers on the top.

When you hear about a fellow
Who has blundered it's a sign
That he wasn't just a loafing—
He was on his feet and tryin'.
When you've blundered don't imagine
That your efforts are in vain
For you'll get nowhere by stalling—
Rub it out—and try again.

HARD-BOILED EGGS

◆ ◆ ◆

Every now and then a sailor
Gets an idea in his bean,
That he's just about as tough as
Any guy he's ever seen.
He's a hard-boiled egg and knows it
And he likes to tell the gang
They can take his guff and like it
Or go out some place and hang.

If his manner worries others
If they hate his tiresome voice
It's their fault—they'll have to stand it
For they have no other choice.
Till some meek but weary rookie
Is awakened from his dream
By the braying of this jackass
Who is blowing off his steam.

And who plants the hard-boiled hombre
With a sock upon the chin
Then who calmly goes back to his bunk
To dream his dreams again.
The man who thinks he has the world
All licked and in the sack
Will find he's made a slight mistake
When that old world comes back.

He will find that all his shipmates
Are a lot of savvy boys
Who have learned that all the "hard guys"
Are a great big pile of noise.
And that old man experience
Has taught each one and all
The bigger that the "hard" guys get
The harder is their fall.

The "hard" guy weeps and wonders why
Raw deals are his only lot
He blames it on the "crool," "crool" world
But this thought strikes him not—
"That as ye sow so shall ye reap
In this world's joy and sorrow"
Make friends and treat them well today
Lest they get hard tomororw.

THE ANCIENT SHIP

◆ ◆ ◆

One day when all the Navy
To a goodly crowd was host—
When its gates were opened widely
At each navy yard and post—
When crowds of friends—civilians
Came from places far and near,
To view the mighty war ships
That were tied to every pier.

There passed before the sentry
And the sergeant of the guard
An old and gray-haired fellow
Who came hobbling in the yard,
Whose gait was slow—unsteady—
Whose frame was bent and frail—
Whose eyes were red and weary—
Whose face was wrinkled—pale.

Whose withered hand held tightly,
To a wilted, small boquet
Of flowers that he'd gathered
On that Decoration Day.
Who once inside the gateway,
Forsook the milling throng,
He had no time for cruisers
Or the battleships so strong.

Instead, he sought a vessel
That had laid for many years,
Neglected and forgotten
'Mid deserted, crumbling piers.
He trudged for what seemed ages
Till he finally found the slip
And his eager gaze had centered
On a very ancient ship.

The sides of which were rusty,
And whose decks were rotted through,
Her rigging bent and twisted
And her rail was broken too.
His eyes grew dim and misty
As he gazed upon the boat
He cried "Old pal, I've found you"
Then a lump came in his throat.

He moved close to the vessel
Till he touched its barren side—
Its presence seemed to stir him
And unto the ship he cried—
"We've had our times old fellow—
In our younger days we both
Have weathered storms together
And sailed pleasant seas, my oath!

We've served our nation nobly,
With ne'er a thought for self,
But now we're both forgotten,
And we've landed on the shelf.
We're like the fabled bridegroom
Who tiring of his bride—
Found greater use for others
Then cast his bride aside.

But still we share between us
The memories of the past,
And these will serve to cheer us
For the short time that we last.
To me you were a mother,
And a home and friend in one—
When tired I've often slumbered
On your breast just like a son.

That's why I've paid this visit
On this Decoration Day,
And why I've brought this token"
And he held out the boquet.
"Before I take my parting,
I would rest my body sore,
In the old and tender embrace
That I knew in days of yore."

Then, without further prattle,
He climbed o'er the vessel's side—
He laid him down to slumber
But ere morning came he died.
They found his body later,
And, tho the old man's race was done,
The ancient ship still guarded
Her beloved sailor son.

THE MOANA'S BANYAN

◆ ◆ ◆

From school books, in my childhood days,
I learned of Charter Oak,
Where William Penn, with Chieftains sat
To counsel and to smoke;
And of the spreading chestnut tree,
Where the "Village Smithy Stands"—
The cherry tree that was chopped down
By George's youthful hands.

And of the tree where long ago,
Underneath its spreading bough,
Omar Khayyam with loaf of bread,
Poured forth his love to "Thou."
But I have since learned of a tree
Far dearer than all the rest,
Where I sat with a maid beneath its shade
And life seemed at its best.

Where the ginger plant with its rare perfume
Scented the balmy air,
And a pale moon stole through swaying palms
And kissed the maiden's hair.
What wonderful tales this tree could tell
Of lovers who have stood
Beneath its boughs to make their vows—
But it wouldn't if it could.

Some day, should God be willing,
I'm going to Waikiki's shore
And visit again this dear old friend
That I knew in days of yore.
And there I'll meet the maiden,
And with joy I'll shed a tear,
As she sits with me, 'neath the Banyan Tree
By the old Moana pier.

MOTHER GOOSE

(Salted for Sailors)

◆ ◆ ◆

Little Bo Peep
Has lost her sleep
Over two marines—trying to find 'em
Since they left her alone
And beat it for home
When her dad started buckshot behind 'em.

Little Jack Horner
Laid in a corner
Nursing a bruise on his eye—
The bakerman shocked him
When he hauled off and socked him
For stealing an arm-load of pie.

Hey Diddle Diddle
A gob bought a fiddle
And started to play it on deck
But the gang couldn't stand it—
They very soon canned it—
By wrapping a swab around his neck.

Mary had a little lamb
She fleeced him white as snow
And when she got his last four bits
She let the sucker go.

▼ ▼ ▼

Twinkle, twinkle—little Tar
Took a lady riding in a car—
Said the girl "I love a night like this,"
Said the Tar "Let's park awhile then, Miss."

▼ ▼ ▼

Hickory, Dickory, Dock—
A sailor bought a clock,
He set it for nine—
But the clock didn't chime
So the old man just put him in hock.

Cock-a-doodle-do
My dame tells me she's through—
She said I kissed a blond last night,
And what she says is true.

▼ ▼ ▼

See saw, Margery Daw,
Dated the new quartermaster,
But all she got was a street car ride
Because she can't work any faster.

▼ ▼ ▼

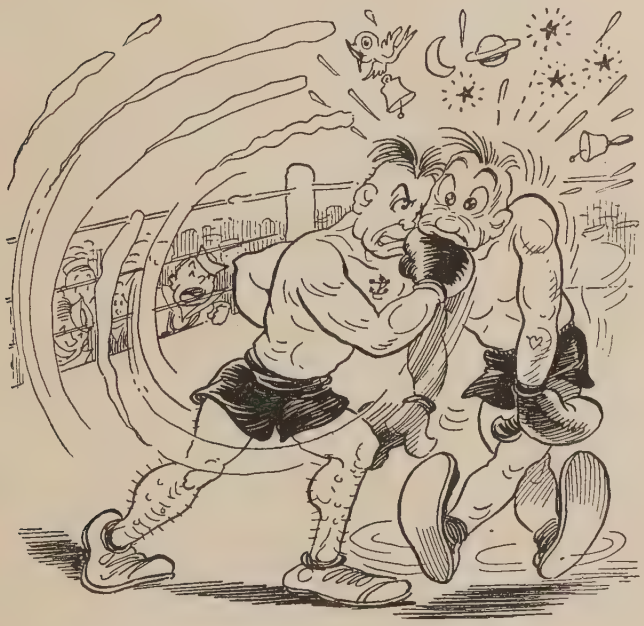
Little Boy Blue
Come blow your horn
The baker tried to distill corn.
Omit flowers—parade at ten—
After "Taps" march back again.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
Her son was just home from the fleet
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare—
My Gawd! How those sailors can eat.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
An awful thirst to slaughter,
But Jack said "Jill, they've pinched our still,"
So Jill said "Let's drink water."

Little Miss Muffit
Sat on a turret
Watching some sailors at play—
A bluejacket spied her
And sat down beside her,
But the boatswain's mate
Chased him away.

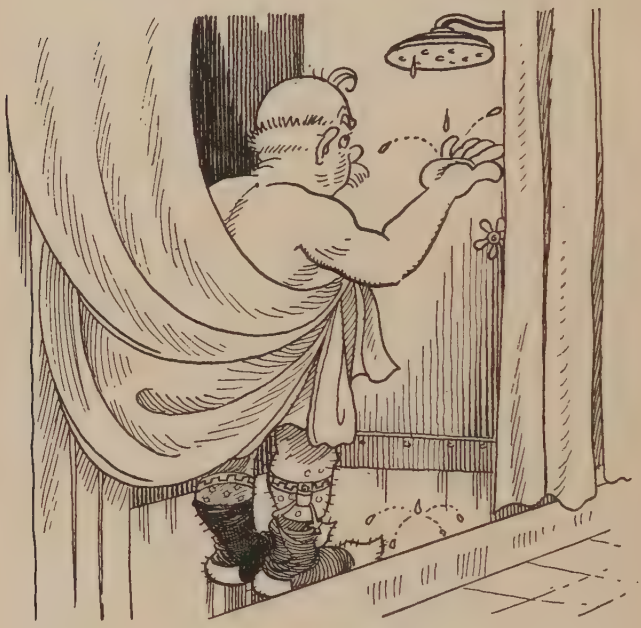
Little Tommy Tucker—
Thought he had a sucker,
When he stepped into the ring with
Paddy Flynn.
But he layed out on the mat—
Paddy knocked him cold and flat—
With a tricky little upper on the chin.



Humpty Dumpty
Sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty
Had a great fall—
For a cute little blond
Who blew all his "yen"
And the poor sap had to
Ship over again.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe—
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
Till some joined the Army
And some the Marines,
The rest joined the Navy
And grew fat on beans.

Ding Dong Bell,
The skipper's raising hell
And the mess-boys are
Responding on the fly.
And the reason for his wrath
Was, he tried to take a bath
When the gravity tank
Had just about gone dry.



Sing a song o' six pence,
A little jug o' rye,
Four and twenty sailors,
Feeling rather dry.
But when the jug was opened
The gang began to sing
"If Volstead gets to England—
God save the King."

Coxswain Simon
Met our pieman
Coming up a stairs—
Said Coxswain Simon
To the pieman
"Let me taste your wares."
Said the pieman
To Coxswain Simon
"Of seconds, there ain't any."
So Coxswain Simon socked the pieman
And helped himself to many.

Rub a Dub Dub
Three men on a tub—
And who do you think they be?
The butcher—
The baker—
Another hayshaker—
Who left a good farm for the sea.

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